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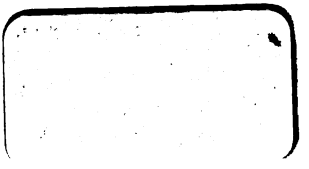

TO A JAPANESE PAINTER (UTANOSUKE)

(The painting is in the British Museum)

by

BAXTER ALDEN

In tiny things to mirror forth a world
Of cold complexities and excellence;
To mirror Heaven within a petal's pink,
And baffle nature by a beetle's wing,
Utanosuke, such your merits were.

895.8
U56

MOONS OF NIPPON

Translations from
Poets of Old Japan

MOONS OF NIPPON

TRANSLATIONS FROM POETS OF OLD JAPAN

BY
EDNA
WORTHLEY
UNDERWOOD

RALPH FLETCHER SEYMOUR
PUBLISHER
FINE ARTS BUILDING CHICAGO

The poems in this book and the introduction have received periodical publication and thanks is given for permission to reprint them.

Copyrght 1919
by
Edna Worthley Underwood
Translator of
Evenings in Little Russia, Gogol; Songs of Hafiz; The Crimean Sonnets of Adam Mickiewicz; The Nocturn of Silva; Short Stories from the Balkans, etc., etc.

Dedicated to
Earl Underwood

356576

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THE POETRY OF JAPAN.

The exquisiteness of tiny things, the deification of *the little,* characterize the poets of old Japan.

These poems of few words are tiny outbursts of joy, like the unforced trill of a bird. They are diminutive objects of beauty made to hold in the hand and admire, to linger over lovingly. They resemble the ancient art of the armorer—diminutive pictures in gold and white silver upon iron; the ceramist—who made gardens to bloom upon an inche's space; the enamellist; painter on silk and paper; carver of wood and ivory.

They are, so to speak, single jets of emotion. In them elimination and concentration are practiced relentlessly. A tragedy or a philosophy is condensed into a quartrain. In addition, and especially characteristic, a sort of eternal springtime of the soul dwells upon them, something pleasant and refreshing to return to, because of a persistant, inspiriting charm.

The period covered—roughly estimating—is from the seventh to the end of the eleventh century after Christ. These years enclose, perhaps, with a protective barrier of time, the great period of poetic creativeness—the *blossom period* of a race—reminding us at once of Ruskin's arbitrary and limiting statement, that after the eleventh century, there is no more art.

This period of time—in China, Japan and Korea—was unique in the history of mankind, and one not to come—perhaps—again, when an entire nation was composed of artists. Edmond de Goncourt writing of it in the month of his seventieth birthday, declares: "*Japan, le seul pays de la terre, ou l'art industriel touche presque toujours au grand art.*"

Japanese poetry, like its prints and its paintings on silk, is the record of fleeting, intangible moments of joy, of charm, not the unfolding of a story, nor a dramatic plot with sequence and logical denouement. It is the record of an emotion, so subtle, so transient, that we wonder that it could have been recorded and made communicable to another race. It is record of a soul-life sweeter and less insistently visible than that of the occi-

dent. It really offers what might be termed an education in the seldom considered art of *learning to see.* It celebrates the humble, insignificant thing, which others pass over negligently. And it has the freshness, the brilliant unexpectedness of improvisation. Its weight is of spirit; beside it our own printed art of words frequently seems too red-fleshed, rubicund. At the same time it is primitive and polynesian.

The golden age of painting and poetry in China all but coincide in time with this period in Japan. Japan's great poets were contemporaries of Li Po—the chaser of dreams and moons—Tu Fu, and Wang Po. It was the period, too, of those magical paintings in ink of India, named *Sumiye,* which experts call the art of arts.

The people of Persia and India—in the old days—considered the Chinese the greatest artists in the world—not excepting the Greeks—and Chinese taste supreme in questions of beauty. It was to China that Japan went to school in all the arts, and to royal Korea. And the old Japanese believed, with the modern Poe, that a long poem is an impossibility.

These poems picture a brave and resonant epoch, and one not soon to be realized again; the epoch of a people who had lifted themselves far above fear and the domination of death, who confronted only joy, and lived in freedom of soul.

Emperors stepped down from the throne of their own will to become priests and penitents. Great Lords left lives of luxury and splendor to become poor and wandering artists. We recall as an example, one, Hoitsu Sakai, who belonged to the Himeji Clan, who at length became one of Japan's masters of line. Never have stern honor of soul, and beauty, been so nobly upheld, and so fearlessly.

Women warriors were conquering nations in those days. They led armies into battle. They engaged in sword play like trained veterans of the arena, and at the same time they were scholars, artists and poets. It was a Japanese Empress, we must remember, who conquered Korea.

These diminutive poems show the splendid mettle of the old warrior race of Japan which has now become merely a thing of myth and hearsay.

Who would know beauty in its essence and simplicity, must—like the praying Mohammedan—still turn to the East.

Edna Worthley Underwood.

MOONS OF NIPPON

OZI

The poet, Ohotzuno Ozi was born six hundred and sixty three years after Christ.

When he was twenty four years old he believed himself powerful enough to lay claim to the throne of his country. With this object in view, he engaged in war, was at length defeated and taken captive.

At command of the reigning Empress he was beheaded. As he stood confronting death he wrote the following poem and handed it to his executioners:

OZI

Pétals are falling — — —
And mist like a veil
Droops over the sea.
Wild geese are calling — — —
By the sacred water
Of Iware.

There are black shapes near,
Dance steps are falling — — —
My heart is sad.
But another year
The wild geese calling
I shall not hear.

HUNTING SONG

by

OZI

'Tis evening now. And now the hunt is done.
Bring on the cups! Give wine to everyone!
Whate'er of weariness, friends, may remain
Let's drown it deep in song and wine again.
The young moon o'er the vale is poised and bright,
The clouds are parting, and again the light
Of sunset points the mountain peaks with gold;
A moment only—since the twilight cold
Will smother soon the sunset's fire for me,
And then the hour comes of our revelry!

MUNETO

Among the ancestors of this poet, Abeno Muneto, were Ainos, and for this reason he was looked down upon by the haughty courtiers of the Emperor.

The following poem is one of his scornful answers to the nobles who ridiculed him.

He lived in the seventh century after Christ.

WEALTH

by

ABENO MUNETO

A wild man, I? Good! So let it be!
I know the smallest bird, the farthest tree.....
The flowers on the mountain bloom for me,
The forest whispers to me all its lore,
How rich am I!
You, scornful courtier of the silken robe,
What have you more?

NAKAMARA

Abeno Nakamaro lived for thirty-seven years at the Court of China in the capacity of Japanese Ambassador. He looked upon these years of office as a period of exile, and longed continually for his home. He was drowned on the return journey to Japan shortly after setting sail from the Chinese shore.

In a series of drawings by Hokusai called "*Images of Poets*" there is this description of the plate representing Nakamara. I quote from de Goncourt: "Under an immense pine tree, by edge of the sea———— showing an elegant backward gesture of the head, a man sits, looking at the sky and the moon. It is the Japanese poet, Nakamaro, Minister to China, who in his new fatherland is writing a poem in which he says, that when his soul promenades across the heaven, and he sees the moon which he used to view from his old home, Kasuga, the moon consols him and makes him forget his sad existence.

This poem was the cause of making him unpopular in China, expressing as it did homesickness for Japan."

HOMESICKNESS

by

ABENO NAKAMARO

It is near, the hour of returning,
In a dream now my soul sees
The roofs of Kasuga burning,
It sees likewise the trees.

It sees outline of the mountains,
And the flowers that open their eyes,
And the moon above the meadows
Where its silver shadow lies.

YAKAMOCHI

Ohotomo no Sukune Yakamochi was the son of a Minister of State, and during his own lifetime filled the highest offices in the gift of his country, and in addition, was granted many honors.

His lyric poems have become so popular that now they are virtually folk songs. They are sung by the entire nation.

He assembled and edited the verse collection which is called "*Manyo-shu*" (collection of ten thousand leaves). It contains forty-five hundred verses and covers a period of four hundred years. He is one of the best loved singers of Japan.

JAPAN
by
YAKAMOCHI

The Land Yamato
Has mountains and hills
On its breast.
But shining
Kaguyama
Surpasses the rest.
Upon the summit
I stand and look
On the greening May.
From meadow cots
I see the smoke
Float up and away.
Over the ocean
On snow white wing,
A lone sea-mew.
O Land Yamato,
O Butterfly Land,
How I love you!

YUKADA

The poetess, Yukada, lived in the eighth century after Christ.

YUKADA

Look you! How strangely wan and pale
    The moon climbs up to the mountain height!
When over the summit it sets its sail
    It brings the night.
It brings the night — — — and our love's delight.

ISHIKAWA

A poetess of the eighth century.

ISHIKAWA

How the great moon crushes the cloud!
How its witchlike glimmer
Weaves webs that shroud
Now the sea, now the land,
Now every grain of the Great Sea's sand
Till like gems they shimmer and shimmer.

KIBINO

Nothing is known about this poet save the year of his death which was 775 A. D.

KIBINO

The winds have robbed me of the happy leaves.
The Spring died — — — long, long now grown
pale, grown sad.
Alone upon my silken sleeve still grieves
The old sweet scent the white plum blossoms had.

NARIHIRA

Arihara no Narihira was of such surpassing beauty that his name passed into a proverb which is current today in Japan. This beauty attracted the attention of the Empress, with whom he had a love affair, for which at length he was sent into banishment.

The "*Ise-Monogatari*" has been ascribed to him.

His date is the ninth century.

Outamaro made a picture of Narihira, journeying after the manner of a *grand seigneur,* eastward, toward Fuji.

Hokusai has likewise made a portrait of this poet. It is one of the set called "*Kakemonos of Six Poets.*"

NARIHIRA

The sweet Spring — see!
The brooklets laugh in power.
The melting snow set free
The gate, the tower.

The sweet Spring — see!
It makes these tears to flow
The nightingale would not set free
So long ago.

SOZO

Sozo spent his life in a Buddhist monastery where he died about nine hundred, A. D.

SOZO

I

Bloom and live on, my blossoms dear!
    How would you dare to die
Before my sweetheart again comes here
    And you see her eye to eye?

II

I would that I were as the flowers bold
    Which the maidens gather to tie,
They bloom in beauty, they laugh, they die,
    Before they grow ugly and old.

OCHI

He belonged to the peasant class.
850, A. D.

OCHI

Ended the season of stress and strain.
Winter is yielding place to Spring;
Under the high clouds silvering
Are wild geese flying north again.
On strong, swift wing they are flying forth
Where since the moons have numbered so
My dearest one set out to go — — —
I wish I could fly with the wild geese north.

OHOYENO

Ohoyeno was a philosopher and teacher. He was tutor to an Emperor.

About 860, A. D.

OHOYENO

When white the fall moon hung my heart felt woe;
And now comes withering, and winter snow,
And more than all else now this makes me sigh,
A thousand others weep the same as I.

ONONO KOMACHI

Onono Komachi was famous for her beauty, her frivolity, and her genius. In later life she regretted her reckless youth and wrote of it repeatedly.

About 870, A. D.

ONONO KOMACHI

Autumn is here.
The rains fall.
Colorless, scentless,
The world all.
What of the flowers?
What of life?
Both the booty
Of winds rife.
Love called. I followed.
O foolish child!
Gone — kisses and loving,
With winds grown wild.
The way is lonely.
No voices call;
Autumn is here.
The rains fall.

ONONO KOMACHI

The flowers are flaunting
Their colors gay — — —
I watched the haunting
Life-stream flow away.

The flowers were dying.
They lived for a day — — —
Who can tell why they went away!

KWOKO TENNO

An Emperor.

The ninth century after Christ.

KWOKO TENNO

I have bent my back an hundred times
For you, Heart's Sun,
And laughingly plucked the snow-balls,
Shimmering, one by one.

And yet the season of Spring, it is not here,
Nor yet does long bright grass the meadows bless,
The wind leaps over the lonely fields and drear
And snow falls on my dress.

YORUKA

The ninth century after Christ.

YORUKA

Sick on my couch there day and night
I lay the long long May;
Softly the scented blossoms fell
And time — and Spring — both slipped away.

SODZYO HENDZYO

He was friend of an Emperor and part of his life was spent as a priest. He died in the year 890 in a monastery which he himself had built. He wrote verses that were elegant in form. It was said of him, indeed, that he was so thoroughly the artist that he preferred the painted portrait of a beautiful woman to the woman herself.

SODZYO HENDZYO

The maidens are dancing — — —
Have pity, kind Heaven!
Close well the path there,
With storm, with barred gate,
The path to the dancing!
Then will desire cease,
By barred door, by gateway — — —
Away now — — — away — — —
Toward Heaven be turning!
The maidens are dancing — — —

SOSEI

Sosei's real name was Yoshimine no Hironobu.

He became a Buddhist priest and lived in the cloister Riyau-inwin.

End of the ninth century.

SOSEI

O! tell me where he dwells, the evil Wind,
Who stole the blossoms from my white plum tree!

O! tell me where he dwells, the evil Wind,
That I no more in grief bend tearfully!

O! tell me where he dwells, the evil Wind,
That I may show him what revenge can be!

ISE

Ise was the daughter of Tsusikagies, Governor of the Province Ise, from which she took her name. She became the mistress of the Emperor Uda, and bore him a son. Later she followed the Emperor into exile where she died in great poverty.

End of the ninth century.

In Utamaro's

"HUNDRED POEMS EXPLAINED BY A NURSE"

is a drawing of two women standing upon a terrace looking off across the fields. One of the women is the poetess, Ise.

ISE

The flowers bloom. The green grass clothes the
field.
And still I watch the wild geese northward go.
I wonder, in that cold, cold land they know
If flowers can a finer fragrance yield.

TOMONORI

Tomonori was one of the editors of the verse collection "*Kokin-Shu*" (things that are past and things that are present). It contains the names of more than an hundred poets. Tomonori himself was a most melodious writer.

He died in 905 A. D.

TOMONORI

The cherry tree blossomed. Black was my hair.
I laughed and danced with girls young and fair.

The cherry tree blossomed. Grey was my hair.
But the blossoms were youthful everywhere.

The cherry tree's still a thing of delight,
While a laughing god turned my hair to white.

MITSUNE

Mitsune was born a peasant. He united with Tomonori, Tsurayuki, and others in editing the "*Kokin-Shu.*"

MITSUNE

Dark is the night,
And sad and sadder, too,
Glimmer the stars that once flashed forth their fire.
Some scent's delight
The sad, sad night wind blew — — —
Ah, yes! — my plum tree feels
The Spring's old sweet desire — — —

MITSUNE

Saddle your steed
And mount it now.
Homeward with speed,
O! we know how!
The road that the
Gentlest Zephyr takes —
Home! — Home! —
Where the Spring awakes!

MITSUNE

Soon the mighty storm wind's raging,
Fruit and leaves will be its prey,
Flowers unpetaled meet their fate.
If you love a flower, take it,
Since tomorrow 'tis too late.

MOTOYOSI

Motoyosi was the son of an Emperor. He was celebrated for his adventurous love affairs. He died in the year 940, A. D.

THE BUOY OF NANIVA

by

MOTOYOSI

Like the buoy that floats in the harbor,
Now high and now dropping low,
Is my heart that love has tortured
When I watch you come and go.

MUNEYAKI

The poet's full name was Minamoto no Muneyaki Ason.

He died in the tenth century after Christ.

MUNEYAKI

On heights like this no man can live
While melting snows to valleys run,
Nor wild pine threaten, black as night
Nor birds plume feathers in the sun.
The penitent alone comes here
To fast, to pray, by chasms drear.

KANEMORI

The first of the two sets of verses translated below is one of the most popular in Japan. For centuries it has been upon the lips of a nation.

The full name of the poet who wrote it was Tairano Kanemori. He died at the end of the tenth century after Christ.

KANEMORI

I should like to conceal my loving
So that no one living could know;
But when I dance on the greensward
The people stand in a row
And they shake their fingers at me,
They laugh, and I know they know.

KANEMORI

For a pillow, my Prince, your arm?
No! That would I never dare.
Your love would turn to scorning
Twixt the evening and the morning,
And I, passion smitten,
Would have only grief to bear.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

This has been attributed to Hitoshi, who died in 926 A.D.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Our deeds which we with pride and glory frame,
Are just a boat on which some great wave gains;
Loud life but yields its place to quiet death
And not the shadow of a dream remains.

IDZUMI SHIKIBU

Idzumi Shikibu was the daughter of Ohoyeno Masamume. She married the governor of a province and spent most of her life at court.

She was a learned Buddhist scholar and a poet who possessed unusual power over form, and one of the most brilliant figures of her epoch.

She died in 992 A. D.

IDZUMI SHIKIBU

O! how long, how long was the night!
And I spent it in passion and tears,
Thinking only of you, of you,
At the night-bird's song, at the dawn and the dew,
Love, how long, how long, was the night!

IDZUMI SHIKIBU

Come once again, my lover!
Now by my bed Death stands,
And white as snow flakes that hover
Is hue of my cheeks, my hands.

Come once again, my lover!
Then Death will be sweet to see,
Let my lips love-words cover,
Set your seal on the soul of me.

SUTOKU

An Emperor who reigned in the first quarter of the twelfth century after Christ. He resigned the throne.

SUTOKU

Just as the cliff of granite
    Cuts the cataract's might,
Fate, forbidding, parts us,
    Forbidding our love's delight.
Though sad, sad days are followed
    By sadder days of strain,
This, remember, my dearest,
    You must be mine again!

INNO BETTO

A lady of the court of the Empress Kwoka.

1140 A. D.

INNO BETTO

It was all the fault of the scented night,
Of the night of the scented Spring,
That I dream today of your body's pride,
Of its splendor that cannot be denied.

It was all the fault of one scented night,
Of one night of the scented Spring!

HORIKAWA

Horikawa was the daughter of a priest. She was member of the court circle of the Empress-Mother, Taiken.

About 1140 A. D.

HORIKAWA

It may be love and it may not be,
    But early at dawn I found
My heart was confused and my senses too,
    Like my wild black hair unbound.

SIDZUKA GOZEN

She was the mistress of Yositune, who was a bitter opponent of his brother, the powerful Shogun, Yoritomo. She was so beautiful that when Yoritomo saw her, he, too, fell in love with her. When Yositune was taken captive she defended him valiantly with a sword, killed many of his enemies, until at length she herself, overcome by numbers, met death like a warrior, fighting.

Outamaro, late in the eighteenth century, drew a tryptich picturing this poetess dancing for Yoritomo to the sound of flutes and tambourines. In the picture she wears a red robe and carries a red fan. A long scarf of gauze floats from her head.

Edmond de Goncourt in his life of Outamaro refers to the poem which we have translated.

SIDZUKA GOZEN

On the Mount of Miyosino,
    Cold and high,
I found traces of his footsteps,
    Where snows lie.

Then I saw him on the summit,
    With a star,
And I walked the lone way with him,
    Though afar.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Many Japanese scholars, however, are agreed that Sidzuka Gozen wrote these verses.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

On the steps of Kuravasi,
When the sultry midnight fell,
I waited for the message
That the cuckoo's voice would tell.

Sweet and warm the west wind touched me,
Swift some rain drops fell,
With a shriek a bird swept past me;
The cuckoo would not tell.

SONDARA-HOSHI

A poet of the seventh century.

SONDARA-HOSHI

O Bell of the Evening! Evening Bell!
If you knew the grief of a fond farewell
You would silence keep — and you would not tell.

These poems are from a drawing by Outamaro, called

"MEDITATION ABOUT THE MOON."

Five women of the Yoshiwara are upon a terrace; they improvise verses to the moon.

SONDARI-HOSHI

I

FIRST COURTESAN, KUMAI

It is not alone with my lover
That the moon is sweet to see,
It is when there is no one with me,
That it speaks most tenderly.

II

SECOND COURTESAN, AZUMA

Tonight whoever shall own it —
My body's slender grace —
I shall know that it floats down days, down years,
As the white moon floats through space.

III

THIRD COURTESAN, KAMEGHIKU

The moon is as real in the river,
As joy in a Flower Girl's life;
On the opposite shore clouds shiver,
And winds of autumn are rife.

IIII

FOURTH COURTESAN, MIYAKO

Although I am only a pleasure-toy,
The great moon bends to my heart with joy.

V

FIFTH COURTESAN, MIYAGHINO

How many times in the dusk, in the night,
Do I watch my lovers go,
Forms as shadowy grown to sight
As moons in the dawn aglow.

TOSINARI

He was also called Akihiro. His real name however was Fujiwara no Tosinari. He was the favorite of an Emperor and he died in the royal palace in 1205 A. D. having reached the great age of ninety two.

TOSINARI

Grievous, filled with evil snares,
Earth holds us in its keeping.
    Then I fled the ways of life —
    Ah! — in vain I fled its strife.

In the forest unawares
I found the roebuck weeping.

BUNTOKU

Buntoku was an Emperor who reigned in the first quarter of the thirteenth century. Late in life he gave up the throne and became a priest.

BUNTOKU

The moon-boat sails the heavenly sea,
And coasts a cloudy height,
Over the night-bound Nippon Land
Glides its fitful light.

Deep in my glass it finds a way,
Or is crushed in a crumpled sea,
Majestically then withdraws from sight
And hides in the deep from me.

UKON

All that is known about this poetess is that she was daughter of a general. She died in the thirteenth century.

UKON

The fact that I once possessed you,
'Mid the flowers and the mountain night,
We may both have forgotten together,
The night and the flowery height.

Forgetfulness falls upon all things,
Whatsoever we think or do,
But I — faithless man — will remember
Love, mountain night, and you.

KIUTSUNE

Kiutsune was the son of a Minister of State. His name was made immortal in Japan by a splendid temple structure upon the "Mountain of the North," a part of which structure still stands.

In 1231, when he was sixty-eight, he went into a cloister to spend the remainder of his days in prayer and meditation.

KIUTSUNE

I placed them once upon my black hair,
Blossoms snow white which the storm shook down.

O! how they shone upon my black hair!
Now the white blossoms on my black hair

No rollicking Spring storm set as a crown,
But days — but years — pile their snow there.

TENCHI

An Emperor who reigned in the last years of the seventh century. He is celebrated because for months at a time he used to live the life of a peasant, in order to understand the condition of the poor.

It was under Emperor Tenchi, about 670, that folding fans were invented, by an observer who watched how the flying bats of the evening used their wings. In Japan the folding fan is called *kuwahori* which signifies *bats' wings*.

In Utamaro's

"HUNDRED POEMS EXPLAINED BY A NURSE"

there is a picture of the Emperor looking out upon the harvesting of the rice, the national food of his people.

TENCHI

There is no land but boasts some fruit its own.
Sow! Sow in faith! Await what comes.
In anger call not against unjust Fate.
If all the nights of life be spent in tears,
Be sure it is your own heart's harvest ripe.

TSURAYUKI

Ki no Tsurayuki was one of the editors of the "*Kokin-Shu.*" He was not only poet and brilliant prose writer, but he held positions of honor and trust under the government. At one time he was private secretary to an Emperor, and governor of the Province, Tosa.

He died in 946 A. D.

TSURAYUKI

But yesterday the wearied lilac flung
Its splendid towers down of purple bloom,
And I, who watched it, to myself declared
I am but as the flowers, mine their doom.

HITOMARO

Kakinomoto Hitomaro is the most celebrated of the poets of Japan. He was so worshipped by the poeple that a temple was erected to him. His popularity was the cause of his becoming, in the course of years, a sort of mythical figure adorned with various romances.

He died about 737 A. D.

HITOMARO

The Lord of Nippon, the Mikado, he
Alone of mortals is the son of God.
In low lands with the humble he dwells not,
But on the mountains, amid thunders, storms,
And high above the clouds, his holy head.

AKAHITO

Yamanobe no Sukune Akahito lived in the middle of the seventh century. He and the great Hitomaro were called "the two wise men of Japan."

TO A SWEETHEART DEAD
by
AKAHITO

Through the tree-tops drives the wind.
The clouds hang like silken flags.
And I weep my two eyes blind,
Since my love I can not find —
Gone above the far cloud-flags.

Through the tree-tops drives the wind.
The clouds hang like silken flags — — —

ATSUTADA

Atsutada was a high official at court of the Emperor Syuziaku.

He died in the middle of the tenth century.

ATSUTADA

Whatsoever of good God gave me,
What of luck fell to my care,
I knew not life till you gave me
Your love to be my share.

MIDZINOBU

The following poem was occasioned by the death of his father.

995 A. D.

MIDZINOBU

My robe of woe
I must rend, I must rend,
Or people will know
A fool weeping does bend.

But while rivers flow,
To the sea, the green sea,
Will my tears flow,
Will grief be for me.

NAGAHARU

His full name was Bessyo Kosaburo Nagaharu. He was one of the defenders of Mount Miki, fighting under the personal command of the Emperor. His wife was with him. When she saw that the battle was going against them, and that they would be made captives, she killed her three year old son with the sword with which she had been fighting.

Nagaharu died in 1580.

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